

WHISPERING LAKE GROVE,

ADF

Presents



Lughnasadh

**July 31, 2016
6:00PM**

ATTUNEMENT (Chris)

Joining our hands and closing our eyes, breathe deeply, (pause) feel your feet firmly resting upon the Earth, (pause) in your mind's eye see the Sky that stretches above us, (pause) and feel the presence of the Sea that surrounds us. (pause) We stand together in the Middle Realm, the world that we share with the Spirits of Nature.

Below us exists the Underworld realm of our Ancestors and the sacred source of the primal waters. Reaching far beneath you seek the primal waters. Let us call to them as they rise to meet us, 'sacred waters flow within us.' **All:** 'sacred waters flow within us'! Feel the waters as they enter your being filling the cauldron within your belly, (pause) within your heart (pause) and finally within your head. (pause) Feel the creative potential that flows throughout your being.

Tuning your attention skyward, know that above us stretches the Heavens, realm of the Gods and home of the first fire. Reaching far beyond the sky seek the primal fire. Let us call upon this sacred spark of the first fire, 'sacred fire burn within us'! **All:** 'sacred fire burn within us'! See the illuminating radiance of the sacred fire as it shines upon you igniting the potential that flows within you. See the flames of the first fire ignite the cauldron within your head, (pause) the cauldron within your heart (pause) and finally the cauldron within your belly. (pause)

Feel these primal powers as they surge through you. Your heart beats with the very pulse of all worlds. The fire and water that flows through our veins connects us to the worlds, the realms and the Kindred. As we open our eyes let us be one in this place!

(Carrion)

Invocation to the Grove Patron

Rider of the Maned Waves
Protect Us from the Storms
Guardian of the Crossroads
Guide Us from All Harm
Magician of the Shoreline
Bless Us With Your Might
Mist Weaver, Walk With Us this Night!
Manannan Mac Lir, accept our offering!
An offering of alcohol is made.
All: Manannan Mac Lir, accept our offering!

(Chris)*Musical Signal:* A drum sounds 3X3 times

The champion of the games will be announced by Carrion, have the Grove Warrior Torc placed on him or her and is handed the spear of Lugh to lead the procession.

PURPOSE AND PRECEDENT CONT.

(Carrion)

Welcome Children of the Earth!
We have held our games of skill and strength and today we crown a new champion!

The young bull replaces the old and will now take up the Spear of Lugh and lead our community in celebration this day.

Today we gather as a community to celebrate the first harvest, the Feast of Lughnasadh, and honor Lugh, the Many Skilled One.

We shall sing his praise and make our sacrifice, seeking his blessings in return.

May all who gather this eve be welcome among us!

PROCESSION

In Song

*Come we now as a people
To gather together at the sacred well
Come we now as a people
To gather in the warmth and the light of the flame*
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Participants will be asperged and censed as they enter the Nemetón by Morrighan and Syruus

OPENING BLESSINGS

Honoring the Earth Mother and Sky Father

Earth Mother (Maggie the Weaver)

kneeling at the well

Ancient One of ever changing beauty
Primal Mother of Gods and Men
And Great Goddess of Sovereignty
We are renewed in your waters
Cradled within your mantel of green
And sustained by your abundance
Earth Mother, we call upon the life-giving magic of the Earth!
Earth Mother, accept our offering!
An offering of bread is made.
All: Earth Mother, accept our offering!

Sky Father (Maggie the Baker)

standing at the sacred fire arms outstretched to the sky.

Flashing One of the Sun's healing warmth
Brilliant Father of the Clear Sky
And Great God of the creative spark
We are purified between your flames
Strengthened through your radiant light
And prosper from your fertility
Sky Father, we call upon the illuminating power of the Sky!
An offering of oil is made.

Sky Father accept our offering!

Invocation for Bardic Inspiration (Morrighan)

Goddess of Inspiration & Poetry

Great Mother of Song & Music

May our words echo in the sacred well

May our hearts and minds burn with your eternal flame

May our songs resonate upon the wind

May you grant us the gift of inspiration and insight

An offering of honey is made for Brighid.

Lady Brighid, accept our offering!

All: Brighid, accept our offering!

Recreating the Cosmos (Maggie the Baker)

In the beginning and so too in the end; there was but the fires of the Sky and the waters of the Earth and between them a vast emptiness.

Now, within the vast emptiness the illuminating power of the heavens and the creative potential of the Earth converged. The fires of the Sky ignited the waters of the Earth and new life began to stir.

Through the union of fire and water came forth the worlds, the realms and the Mighty Kindred., nine holy things which would create all others.

Lighting the Sacred Fire (Carrion)

Let us now prepare this hall and recreate sacred space and time together.

From our hearth fire I kindle this sacred fire...

(lighting the ritual fire from a hearth candle on the sacrifice table and offering incense to the fire)

Let these flames illuminate our work, as they live within our hearts and minds.

Let these flames burn away all ill, as they bring strength to our community.

Let these flames welcome our allies, as they ward all who would stand against us!

Sacred flames burn within this fire!

Pouring the Sacred Waters (Jaeme)

From the waters of our homes, I fill this sacred well...

(pouring the Grove waters and making the offering of silver to the well)

Let these waters bring potential to our work, as they flow within each of us.

Let these waters wash away all ill, as they bring strength to our community.

Let these waters welcome our ancestors, as they ward all who would stand against us!

Sacred waters flow within this well!

Growing the Sacred Tree (Chris)

Before us the great tree begins to grow.

Roots burying deep within the Underworld

Branches reaching the highest Heavens.

Mighty ash of the ancient groves,

You are the...

Keeper of Sacred knowledge

Pillar joining Earth and Sky; the Road to all Realms.

Sacred tree grow within this place.

The bile is asperged with water from the well and censured with incense.

(Maggie the Baker)

All:

The waters support and surround us,
The land extends about us,
The sky stretches above us,
And at the center burns a living flame,
Let us pray with a good fire,
May all the Kindred bless us,
May our worship be true
May our actions be just
May our love be pure.
Blessings, honor and worship to the holy ones.

Weaving the Druids Mist (Carrion)

PURPOSE AND PRECEDENT CONT.

(Nathan)

Part I: Introduction: Birth and Training (Written by Nathan Large)

Dia duit! So many druids around today. I had to see what was happening. Nice spear. Smells like bread baking. Reminds me of something... oh yes, it's Lughnassadh, the Festival of Lugh. Of course. Well, then, I have just the tale for you.

You may know Lugh in many ways: god, king, warrior, smith, poet, son of Cian, grandson of Diancecht, father of Cuchulainn... and you may have heard him named in many ways: Lugh the Bright, Lamhfada (Long-handed or Long-Arm), Lonnbeimnech (Fierce striker), Macniu (boy hero), Samildanach (the Many-Skilled) ... But how did he earn that last title? Why do so many know him by so many different aspects?

People these days have a term, 'Renaissance Man.' They mean someone talented at many skills – art, science, engineering, writing –

like your Benjamin Franklin, or Hedy Lamarr, or the prototype, Leonardo da Vinci. But such multifaceted talent existed long before the 'renaissance'. Compared to Lugh the Many-Skilled, your modern examples are mere amateurs. Dilettantes! Pretenders!

Lugh had many teachers. His father was the hero Cian of the Tuatha de Danann, his mother Ethniu, daughter of the Fomorian king, Balor One-Eye. But Lugh had to be stolen away to foster, because Balor ordered him killed after his birth was discovered. A druid had foretold that the dread king would be overthrown and slain by a son of his daughter.

The boy was thrown into the sea but rescued by Manannan mac Lir and brought away to foster. For a time, his foster mother was Tailtiu, a queen among the Fir Bolg, who had the greatest influence on the growing boy. She and her husband, Echaide the Rough, taught the boy what they knew. And for what they could not teach the boy, they found tutors.

When he was old enough, Lugh returned to the house of Manannan, and there gained skill at arms and his first weapons. He ran and played and sparred with the sons of Manannan, until they were all men and warriors.

From these teachers, he gained sorcery and healing, music and history, diplomacy, and warfare. From hard study and observation, he learned the arts of the smith and the carpenter, the boatwright and the tailor, the hunter, and the cook. By the time he had his full growth, he was master of all skills within his reach.

Hearing of the abuse of the people of Eireann by the Fomor, he traveled to Teamhair, the fortress at Tara, to offer his services at the court of the king, Nuada Argetlamh, Nuada of the Silver Hand. But

there he found the gate closed, and the gatekeeper, Gamel,
unsympathetic...

ESTABLISHING THE SACRED CENTER & RECREATION OF THE COSMOS

OPENING THE GATES (Morrighan, Carrion, Chris)

In song

*Gatekeeper open the portals,
Between the Gods and mortals,
Power freely flows, as our magic grows!*

Repeat chant three times

Chant by Liafal

(Carrion)

Oh, Ancient Ones of Might and Magic,

(Morrighan)

We call to Eldest and Wisest of the Worlds,

(Chris)

We seek a Priest of the Sacred Fire...

(Carrion)

To aid us in our work...

(Morrighan)

To join their magic with our own...

(Chris)

And open the way between the worlds.

Alcohol is offered.

(Carrion, Morrighan & Chris)

Fire Priest, accept our offering!

All: Fire Priest, accept our offering!

(Morrighan)

Fire Priest; let us stand at the center of all worlds!

Sacred Fires ignite the waters of the earth.

(Carrion)

Primal Waters, feed the order of the cosmos.

(Chris)

World Tree, join the heavens with the earth.

(Morrighan)

Striking a sigil over the fire.

Let these flames carry our praise and sacrifice to the Shining Ones.

(Carrion)

Striking a sigil over the well.

Let these waters carry our praise and sacrifice to the Mighty Dead.

(Chris)

Striking a sigil upon the tree.

Let this tree connect the worlds as they become one in this place.

By the land before us!

(Carrion)

By the seas about us!

(Morrighan)

By the sky above us!

(Chris)(Carrion)(Morrighan)

Let the Gates Be Open!

All: Let the Gates Be Open!

(Chris)(Carrion)(Morrighan)

We now stand at the center of all worlds!

KINDRED OFFERINGS

(Carrion)

Now that the world of the living and that of the spirit are one, we call
out from the crossroads to the Mighty Kindred.

(Jaeme)

We call to the Kindred of all the Worlds!

Noble, Mighty and Shining Ones of land, sea and sky.

Beloved allies, guides and protectors.

Join us as we celebrate Lughnasadh!

Stand with us as we honor the Might Lugh, the Many Skilled One!

(Chris)

All in song

Let our voices arise on the fire,

Let our voices resound in the deep,

Let the Kindred accept what we offer,

As we honor the old ways we keep.

Repeat 3x

Oil is offered to the Kindred during each round of the chant.

Kindred, accept our offering!

All: Kindred, accept our offering!

Part II: Lugh at the Gates (Written by Nathan Large)

(Nathan)

Lugh came to the gates at Tara and rapped upon them, asking entry. Gamel the gatekeeper answered, saying, “What use are you, that you should join us here?”

Lugh declared: “I am a skilled warrior, come to aid the king. I am a master of strategy and unmatched at single combat.”

Gamel replied: “We have plenty of warriors. For strategy, we have King Nuada himself, and he already has a champion, his brother Ogma.”

Lugh challenged the door-keeper again: “Well, I am also a smith, a worker in bronze and steel and all other metals, not to mention a carpenter and Boatwright.”

Gamel laughed. “For smithing, we have Goibniu, greatest in all Eireann. Credne Cerd works any metals you care to name. The king’s carpenter is Luchtaine. For that matter, his sailing master is Manannan mac Lir, who is unmatched at sea.”

Lugh was not daunted and continued: “Know that I am a master bard, skilled with the harp, learned in history and lore, a storyteller and poet.”

Gamel scoffed. “The king is well satisfied with his master harper, Cas Corach, and many of his court are skilled musicians. Ogma is our lore keeper, knowledgeable about all things in history, language,

and music besides. And we have any number of poets of excellent quality.”

Lugh tried again. “I am also learned in the magic arts, a magician and sorcerer.”

Gamel waved him away. “Besides the great sorcerer Mathgen, the king is attended by the queen of druids, Druantia, not to mention the three sisters of the Badb. He is well supplied with magical might.”

Lugh still would not leave. “Ah, but beyond that, do you have a healer who can ease any ill?”

Gamel nodded. “We do. Diancecht is the greatest physician who ever lived, and he has children nearly his equal in skill.”

Lugh was nearly spent, but tried again. “I could be the king’s cup-bearer.”

“We have nine, one for each river of Eireann.”

Lugh’s list was not exhausted, but he realized that nothing he offered could not be challenged. Then, he tried another strategy. He asked, “You have separate masters of all these skills... but do you have anyone who is master of them all at once?”

To this Gamel had no counter. Instead, he agreed to take word to Nuada. The king agreed that, if Lugh was truly as talented as he claimed, he should be admitted to the court of Tara.

KEY OFFERING

Lugh (Chris)

Bright Hero of the Tuatha
Wielder of the Spear of Glorias
And Master of Many Arts.

(Maggie the Baker)

Mighty Young Bull of the first harvest
Great Guardian of roads and travelers
Champion, Protector and King

(Carrion)

With your protection our community may prosper....
With your blessing we may we reap a good harvest...
With your guidance we shall sharpen our skill!

(Chris)

Lugh, we honor you with our words,

(Maggie the Baker)

Lugh, we honor you with our work

(Carrion)

Lugh, we honor you with our will.

An offering of wheat bread & honey is made.

(Chris) (Maggie the Baker) (Carrion)

Lugh accept our offering!

All: Lugh, accept our offering!

Part III: Challenges and Feats (Written by Nathan Large)

(Nathan)

Though he gained entry to Tara, Lugh was not immediately accepted there. He was first challenged by the king to prove his wit and strategic skill. He was ordered to play Fidcheall - a board game somewhat like chess - against the king's best player. Of course, Lugh won. He even showed the former master a new technique. Then Lugh played against and defeated the king. After this, Lugh entered the high hall and seated himself in the sage's seat, declaring himself the wisest man present.

Next, he was challenged by the king's champion, Ogma. Tearing a great flagstone from the floor, Ogma hurled it out of the hall, through the gates, and out of Teamhair entirely. Irritated, Lugh went out again and hurled the stone back, into the hall and further back than where Ogma had removed it. In fact, some say he threw that stone back into the greater rock from which it was cut, then hurled *that* boulder away again. Defeated, Ogma was forced to surrender his badge as the king's champion.

Last, Lugh was asked to demonstrate his skill with the harp. First, he played a lullaby so sweet that every courtier in Tara fell asleep. Then, he played a dirge that made them all weep in grief. Finally, he played a lively tune that had the court rolling with laughter and joy.

Finally, the king was satisfied. He declared Lugh the Ollamh Eireann, chief bard of literature and history and second only to himself in authority. Seeing Lugh's skill in strategy and his determination to fight the Fomor, Nuada turned over command of the army to him as well.

Lugh trained the warriors of the Tuatha de Danann for several years, then led them against the cruelties of the occupying Fomor. He rode Manannan's own horse, Aonbharr, into battle.

In time, he fulfilled the prophecy of his birth, facing Balor in single combat, after the one-eyed Fomor slew King Nuada. Lugh avoided Balor's killing glance and put a sling stone through his grandfather's remaining eye, killing him instantly. At the end of that war, Lugh was named Ard Ri Eireann, High King of Ireland.

And so, in these many ways, Lugh proved the truth of his words, the many skills he had mastered. One of his acts as king, in fact, was to hold a harvest festival in honor of his foster mother, Tailtiu, which

he called Talti. There, the people of Eireann would meet, participate in games, and challenge one another to feats of skill.

Now, this festival is named Lughnassadh in honor of Lugh himself. We can't be Samildanach - equally skilled in all arts - but it's worth knowing something about history. It's always worth showing off what we *can* do and learning something new besides. Every skill is valuable, as many as you or I can manage.

PERSONAL/PRAISE OFFERINGS (Carrion)

Children of the Earth this is the wisdom of Lugh... bring forth your offerings of praise for the Master of Many Arts.

All are given an opportunity to make personal offerings of praise.

(Chris)

Through our praise, love and sacrifice;

We have honored Lugh, as he walks among us.

Through communication with the Otherworld;

We receive his guidance, inspiration, and insight.

Tonight we call out from the crossroads to our guest of honor!

As we prepare to make our sacrifice.

The final sacrifice is prepared.

It is in love, honor and respect that we have offered hospitality to our guest this night.

We have sung his praise; made our sacrifice.

It is our hope that our words and sacrifice have conveyed our love.

We call once more through the Gates and deep within the

Otherworld that Lugh shall know of our devotion.

Lugh Lamhfhadha, we honor you.

The final sacrifice is made.

Lugh accept our sacrifice!

All: Lugh accept our sacrifice!

THE OMEN (Carrion)

BLESSING OF THE WATERS

The following words will be spoken over the pitchers.

(Chris) As in the ways of old we have given our gifts freely and as in the ways of old a gift is given unto us in return.

(Carrion) We will drink deep of the Cup of Inspiration. May the blessings of health, wealth and wisdom be ours.

(Chris) Lugh your blessings upon us!

All: Lugh your blessings upon us!

(Chris) We gather with you between Earth and Sky. We are proud to call ourselves your people.

(Chris) Once again, Lugh your blessings upon us!

All: Lugh your blessings upon us!

(Carrion) We have brought our offerings. We have made sacrifice.

(Chris) One last time, Lugh your blessings upon us!

All: Lugh your blessings upon us!

The pitchers are lifted saluting the fire, well and tree.

(Carrion) Behold the Waters of Life!

(Chris) Lugh, hear and bless us.

(Carrion) Many Skilled One, hallow these Waters of Life.
lifts the pitchers before the participants.

(Carrion) Behold the Waters of Life!

All: Behold the Waters of Life!

As the blessings are passed **Chris** will lead the chant, "Blessings of the Holy Ones".

Blessing of the Waters

The Blessings of the Holy One

Be on me and mine

My blessings on all beings

With peace on the and thyn.

The fire, the well, the sacred tree

Flow and flame and grow in me.

By Ian Corrigan

The Work (Carrion)

THANKING THE BEINGS

(Carrion)

Lugh of the Long Arm, the Many Skilled One. May you continue to guide and protect us. Master of Many Arts, we thank you for your many blessings this eve. **(offering a final token is offered upon the fire)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

All: Lugh, we thank you!

(Jaeme)

Mighty Kindred of land, sea and sky, Eldest and Brightest of the Worlds. We thank you for the guidance, wisdom and blessings you have shared with us **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Kindred, we thank you!

All: Kindred, we thank you!

(Morrighan) Lady Brighid, we thank you for your blessings of inspiration and eloquence. (a final token is offered) May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire. Brighid, we thank you!

All: Brighid, we thank you!

(Carrion)

Manannan, we thank you for aiding us in our work, join us at our hearth and walking with us as we journey upon our paths. **(a final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Manannan, we thank you!

All: Manannan, we thank you!

CLOSING THE GATES

(Carrion) Mighty Priest of the Sacred Fire, we thank you for tending our fire and warding the way between the worlds with us. **(A final token is offered)** May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Fire Priest, we thank you!

All: Fire Priest, we thank you!

Ancient Priest of the Sacred Fire, we now ask that you aid us in closing the gates, warding the way between the worlds once more.

(Morrighan)

Let the fire burning towards the heavens once more become, but flames.

(Carrion)

Let the well whose depths reach the Underworld once more Become, but water.

(Chris)

Let the tree, pathway between Earth & Sky, become, but wood. By the land before us!

(Carrion)

By the seas about us!

(Morrighan)

By the sky above us!

(Chris) (Morrighan) (Carrion)

Let the Gates be closed!

All: Let the Gates be closed!

(Maggie the Baker) Ancient Mystery of the Sky, may you continue to illuminate the way to courage. Bright Father of the Aesir, we thank you for your sacrifice. (a final token is offered) May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Sky Father, we thank you!

All: Sky Father, we thank you!

(Maggie the Weaver) Primal Mother of Earth, may you continue to guide and protect us. Ancient Mother, we thank you for your

blessings. (a final token is offered) May there be peace between us until we meet once again by the hearth's fire.

Earth Mother, we thank you!

All: Earth Mother, we thank you!

(Carrion)

We now return all that has gone unused to the Earth and the Sky, may they continue to support, surround, and sustain us. All offerings that remain are burnt in the fire or scattered upon the Earth.

STATEMENT OF ENDING (Chris)

Once more take a few deep cleansing breaths as we reaffirm our center (*pause 4 count*). We stand together at the center of all worlds, upon the land, beneath the sky, surrounded by the sea. We span the worlds, connecting earth and sky and the Kindred as one (*pause 4 count*).

Remember that below us flows the primal waters filled with the potential of all life. It is these waters that surge through your very being. (*pause 8 count*)

Remember that above us burns the primal fires filled with the spark of all life. It is these powers that have illuminated the waters that surge through you. (*pause 8 count*)

The primal powers of fire and water unite within us bringing new life and balance to our beings. Our hearts beat with the very pulse of all worlds (*pause 8 count*)

Remember that we share these worlds with the Spirits of Nature, with the Ancestors and with the Gods. As they bless us, offer their wisdom and guidance let us forever remember the old bargain.

Remember the powers of earth and sky, the sacred fire and waters, that flow within you... take what you need to maintain

balance and release back to the earth and sky all that has gone unused. Know that the fire and water that flows from us helps to sustain the worlds, the realms, and the Kindred as we conclude our worship.

May all that is be what was, that it may be again!

Musical Signal- A drum beats 3X3. (Chris)

All: We will keep the faith until the sky falls upon us and crushes us; until the earth opens and swallows us; until the seas arises and overwhelm us.

Recessional Chant

(Carrion) Once more may we now raise our voices in song as we leave our Nemeton.

CHORUS

*The sky fuels the waters
And the waters sustain the skies
We walk together from this place
With the honored as our guides*

*Strong in our purpose
We balance and survive
From many wells of fortitude
Our spirits are revived*

CHORUS

*Joyous in our sharing
We honor dead and alive
With voices of sacred wisdom
We travel the path of our lives*

CHORUS

*Fulfilled in our learning
Our souls will always thrive
In our varied hearts and minds
We keep the sacred for all time*

CHORUS

(lyrics by Isaura; music by Raven of the Sorrows)

Lughnasadh 2016

*Ritual text written by
(Unless otherwise credited)*

Rev. Carrion Mann

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